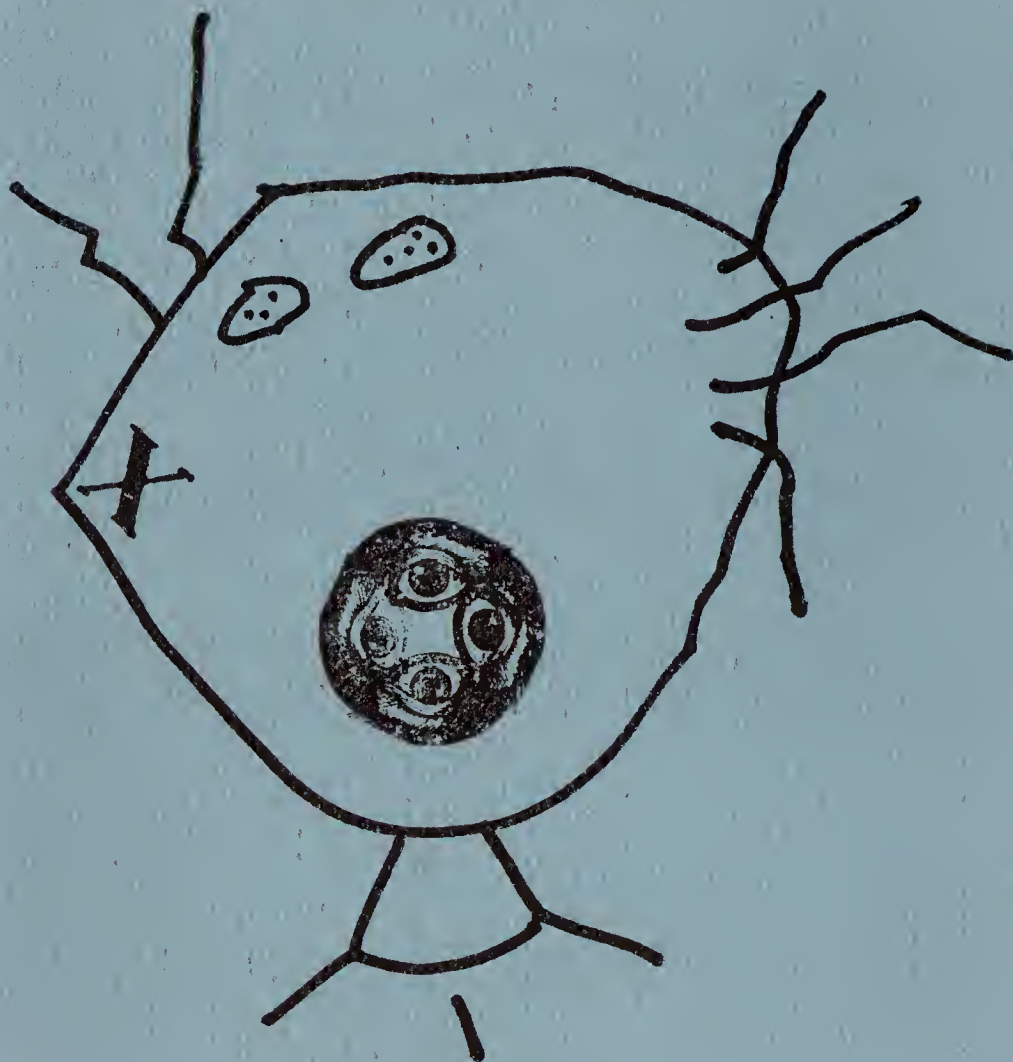


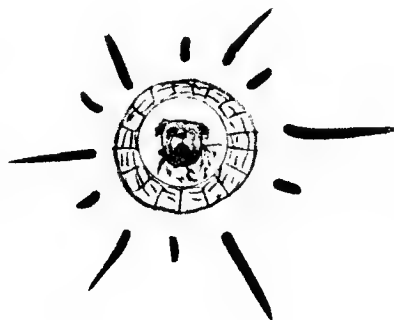
NIPS POEMS

JOHN M. BENNETT



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LUNA BISONTE PRODS

1980

BURNT TRUCK

NIPS POEMS

Some of these poems have appeared or are scheduled to appear in the following publications:

The Atlantic Review, Assembling, Beyond Baroque, Porch, 491 Magazine, Twelfth Key, OR, Luna Bisonte Prods postcard, Bird Effort, Seventy-Three Ohio Poets, Blank Tape, Cornfield Review, Lost and Found Times, Skullpolish, Modern Correspondence Exhibition Catalog, NRG, Moist Rales, VEC Audio Exchange, Blades

And in these two collections by John M. Bennett:

READINGS, Maastricht, Netherlands, VEC, 1979 (1-hour cassette tape).
JERKS: POEMS AND HEADS, Woodinville, WA, Laughing Bear Press, 1979.

"White Diamonds" mandala by **Karen Adams** and John M. Bennett.
Jeweled Dog is for **Karen Adams**, in friendship and gratitude.

Hat drawing by C. Mehrl.

\$2

Published with the support of the



Ohio Arts Council

Luna Bisonte Prods
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214

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ISBN 0-935350-00-4

NICK L. NIPS

saw a baby,
backroom
in hand.

SAW A MOTEL
BURNING IN
THE RAIN

FOOTT AND RUBBER BONE

Nips woke up the cat was pissing in his face he
grapt the sheets and rammed them in his
eyes he stumped crash on knees and into
stairway going up he wetz it down he cliks his
snaptitt suitflapps puts on
helmet while he stares in the mirror and holds his
comb before his face

His shoes in toe their daily coat of
aftershave that soak his sokks and walk on him he
closed his eyes and sees his looks some floating jacks and
stool a wreath of smoke in center
cloud that keeps it all and stops the dryer where
he ran his shorts and snotrag 3 days straight

DEAD BEAST

He speeded down the freeway, the car was shaking hard at 60 flecks of rust were flying off the fenders, he clicked the radio a squak that said Pursuant to the hole he left his dead beast home I lunging at the exit ramp the garbage hauler smokes and roars ahead of him

At the office tower he was chasing after Concha down a tunnel, aluminium foil covered the walls a window showed the smoking stacks far below she said I hate your greasy blackheads why don't you dip your head in acid he saw a book, some baby shoes and hacksaw falling out a paper sack he came to number 47 went inside and sat in a waiting room with one bare wall and tank battle scenes on the others, a clerk came out and said your hair is itching go home and take a bath I saw the flakes of skin that filled my hands, heard the splinters start in my ears and teeth I grabbed her shirt the words came off I ran and fell inside the elevator box where I reached for the safetypins and plastic masks clustered high in the corners

NIPS MEAT

Big nose no hair he stands in the center
of the rug, a hog, sliced in half, sways on the TV screen
Nips was yelling, blaming it all on his wife
he felt the doors were slouching toward him
dark apes out there grinning silent

so he goes to the supermarket,
shielding his eyes with his hand he
sees a piece of the floor with salt stains on his shoes and
starts his whirling: "I gotta get the diaper liners
find the tubes of spot remover", he passes by the
lettuce, stops and feels a sharp pain in his back
at the sight of the fat lady hunched fumbling over the heads

HIS SHOES

He got up, stumbled in front of the
refrigerator, remembered a large black van
pulling away from the loading dock he
thinks I can't see this place my
wife is dead she lives ahead of me I got no
cutemeat strutting through my rooms at night
no toast and egguts for my morning grief

At work he sees the lips grinding around the
coffee machine, he's walking down the hall he
tries to avoid the look of Mr. Suitts, it
makes him think of babies chopped in
litter cans, so he tights his hands in his pockets
stares at the floor and the
face goes by, a slit of glittering light

He says, I've got to wipe my mouth, stops
in the archive room, coughing spreads
through his arms and legs, he thinks
Meatdip went to the looney bin, got
some chocolate bars, I'll tell them that my
KAKK gaspspeak is the closest to the truth I get he
sees a shadow leaping out the index box,
its labels smeared with shoewax

My bowling shirt my kingape leer my
watch burned black inside the glass I'm
nothing but a squaredoff foot machine stomping round in circles
Mr. Nips stands at the office window, stares at the
hydraulic hoses squirming on top of the garbage truck
and thinks about the feet of the loaders and driver

MR. NIPS IN MOURNING

At the office the heat was stuck on 95
a dust was blowing through the basement rooms
it was like a fire blasting from a pit
I went to the roof to get some air
I saw the hoses whipping from the ventcubes
but even there I couldn't breathe
the dirt was caked inside my throat and in my
tightening up I thought my monk was dead
and saw some chicken potpies whirling high in space

NIPS DREAMS

He dreamed he sat in a dept store
the lights in long pulsing bars above
a man was shouting far down the aisle
he waved a dark clot "Looks like he shot the roof"
a sheet of plastic drifted down
a bloody dog came running out

NIPS WORKS

By his bed the clicking hole explodes he
stumbles up, flays his skin puts on a suit
and steps out to his Xipe Special, off to
sell his smokeveined bathroom pimple screens

He was pawing through his notes the
accountant smirked across the room What you
got those dice with knives stuck in them for?
They're paperweights you buttwipe jabber I'll use your
face instead you got the perfect pointy nose and teeth

He was sitting in his van KA EGGS painted on the
wall outside a big red garbage truck chuffing
in the slot behind the warehouse
I shoulda stayed at home and counted out my
masks my spider man my plastic man, he hums
I'm grinding in the Emory Belts of Time
I oughta smash the TV, stack it with the others on the garden wall,
he sees some birds whirling around a tree
arranges wads of chunkgum on the dashboard

He's talking to the shipping clerk, I was up all night,
counted all my change, thought about the hoses coming
out her ears and nose, but life's OK I got a
big old Meat Pack car, he tossed his butt in a hole in the
asphalt loading dock, slipped some switches in his pocket,
I talk a lot, but then I get the mutes, he says and
slaps the dented door, fires up the motor

NIPS IN DAY

She slams the phone the paper
smeared across her desk she gasps and
stares real hard at the cardboard doggies
taped upon her window
Nick he turns away from this, gives his
three-tiered rubber stamping rack a whirl
and heads off toward the computer terminals

Something quivers in the lightsheets above
his head his face fades out in the blackscreen mirror,
numbers popsnap over it his eyes a nine
that pulses crakks away You're only here to
scream and pound on babies,
drive your way to stacks of receipts left in
the trash on Thursdays, It's like that Mr. Coffman,
fixes your furnace, says the gasco rips him off, the
only thing he loves is his grandchild, bright and
gasping, heading for the payroll office and his
40 daily hours that pile like rocks
in his acid corn dog sack, Thank God, he says,
I need that wrap, that fleshy core, that
guts I toss and choff on a wooden stick

He hears a groan come out his body he moves
home speeding in his chestskin, I see it, Dreameat
Beauty Salon, pinkish mirrors that wheel around some
numbers Back At One he thinks he sits in the tub
the lights were in and out he saw some
bright red monkeys with eyes were pink and black
downstairs he heard the dogs beneath the kitchen clock,
eating diapers, chewing at the floor

After Just One Tube he says I may look 35 but
actually I'm 65 and Zero Makeup Has Been Used he
ends his day he chews his dayglo pottie toidie brutsch
he sees his wife a stick of smoking time between her lips
From The Bottom Of The Bottle Ms Splits he
sings and decorates her tits with friction tape

NIPS MONKEYS AROUND

Mr. Nips was watching the
bugs swarming on the outlet box
spilled some whiskey on the TV it
showed a monkey with its eye exploding
he thought about the ashes found beneath
the bathroom linoleum the
greasy lightgrates where he worked

He slouched in the tub I'm paralyzed he thought
I'm stuck like this forever he
heard a motor running in the street a steady
burr that stopped his mind he whined
I oughta put some needles in my
shirtjac buttons pack my condoms up with sand
and stack em on the windowsills

He fell against the wall, stuffing in his fists he
ripped the pockets of his shirt he
tried to sit and think about it but
was shaking, couldn't stop his head from filling up
those monkey rubbers, he dug his fingers in his forehead,
I sat for 16 years in a tiny cell with 3 big men
it had a slot up near the door
a rusty seat with breadpuke on it
I used to see a horse run beneath a rocky tower
a strip of light across its middle blinded me
and blocked me from the base and pounding hooffs

NIPS DATE

Slits on the side? she said he
looked her in the eye she had a crown of corn
It's for the coming out parade, she
opened up her purse it had a book a
rubber glove jammed in as mark he
tried to grab and kiss her but a
soggy pak of words was stuck inside her cheek
it was like his tongue was poked in glue

They went down to the basement
dogbones crunching on the steps he
walked around, sniffed the dampspots on the walls
saw a cigarbox with big red numbers blinking on it
I'm taking notes on this, he thought he
skrawked his words his flashlight ballpoint
whizzing in the middle of it all

Back at home he popped a zit in the mirror,
sat on the john, I'm squatting on a point that's
buried in the earth he said he
emptied out his bowels and
wiped the yellow lipstick off his face

HEADACHE

Nips takes off his hat, puts it on,
stands at the door, starts to go out,
sits in the chair, stares at the box of
teeth in sand in lucite sitting on the table

He's walking up the street he thinks
My life's a dot dead stopped on the moving black of space
a large blue van is hurtling down the ice My
head is split the ax stuck in he sees his
face in the carparts window the right eye out and red



NIPS DEATH

He lay on the floor the sky turned
crystal, prisms flashing in the sun
The thermostat's set too low he thought he
reached for the chair he tried to stand
he heard a thumping in the kitchen

NIPS CLIMBS THE STEPS

Nips was walking down the hall he saw a
man he had a bag of hangers greasy
hammers dangled from his belt
What you got them wire bangers for? the man he
raised his eyes You got no brains? he grinned,
I pound them in you! Nips was silent,
went in the office and told the lady sitting there
God's outside, you better get them
crosses off your neck, but she kept on
grunting, stapling her hands to the table

At his desk he sorted out some statements,
remembered climbing up the steps that
angled to the left, The box on top, he
gakked, I've got to get the blade inside,
he thinks about its glinting black,
jerks it in his shirt and cliks it shut

At 4 o'clock he says:
I stood way up my face was nicked by flying sand
I've Found the Time he thought
he heard the grinding of the clouds
leaned against a post and stopped, waiting for a bus

BLANK WALL

JERKS AND WADS

saw my
face, a
spiral of
shot—

BURNING POODLE ON THE STEPS

JERKS AT THE WHEEL

Who's he? he's coughing up the yuks and
spitting on his lap He knows it all he says he
thrums on down the road the hood is black and shiny
wires sticking out it

I'm someone else I'm standing on a tiny balcony
wind and bright clear light on one side
churning mist on the other

I saw a dot in the middle it was a
tunnel that went inside and stopped
he flops his elbow out the window
twists his palm up on the windshield
and steers with the back of his wrist

FLOATING MEAT

He sat in the tub a mirror dog and stool
were in the room he dreamed a porch of
cement 100 feet high he sees a shed on top
inside a box SHARP WIRE printed on it
he meets a man he has a
pointed head some burgers bolted in his mouth
One More Notch on the Hilt he barks slapping hard his
his big ton gut he swells inside his suit his
jac of diamonds with the pointed cuffs
he saw the dots whirling in his head
his eyes of jagged tin can lids
he jolts up splatches in the water grabs his
crawking redstreaked bigbeak sees
the waves the clots of meat that toss upon them

MEAT EDGE

A cigarette up his nose he
stands before the window
strokes his dick inside his pocket
his wife comes in she has the shaving cream and lips
he turns and pulls his chesthair
sees him skinned and twitching on the
highest step the men below beside their
cycles dangle out their tongues
he tells the missus I gotta cut out all the
meat my skin is sticky on my face
he grabs the cans of weenies off the shelves he
throws them at the walls he bites his hand he
sings from off the floor
I'm a Time Bomb Baby I'm a Clock
that's Screwed Inside my Throat

JERKS IN THE BASEMENT

He watched the bugs crawl around the
drainhole rubbed his bloody shoelace on his face
I'll call in sick at the trash compaction plant
he thought about the crow that
flew to the left of the car
Thin Pig it said I'll Lick Your Meateat Eyes
poor Jerks his face swoll up he
saw the stacks of lids and bottles teetered dusty
above his head he cawffed he ducked he
hung a clean white sheet to block the staircase up

WADS OF NAILS

His cans of food were spiraled on the
kitchen table, nails hammered through each one,
he was stirring up the garbage disposal,
trying to loose a jammed in knife,
I'll choke it on a fork, he shrieked,
fell on the floor
and stared at the leakage auras on the ceiling

He saw a man was dressed in total white, his
suit was white his specs his shoes his
rubber teeth protector he had a hypo dice and
chickenheads tattooed on his necktie
thumbtacks dropping from his pockets

Must be the pickled feet I had for lunch,
he went to dump the trash he
saw a doghead lying on the dirt a
bunch of nails driven in the forehead
wires sticking out all over

WADS FORK

They were sitting down to dinner
Giant News was on the tube lumps of
fries were stiffening on the platter a face of
ears and teeth above the bowling trophies on the chinacase
he starts to cut the ham he
stabs the tines in his whiteskin watchspot
MISSED THE MEAT he shrieked clutching his arm and
jerking his head to his lap

He ran upstairs and squeezed some blood he
glanced the mirror the
skin was grey the teeth were dry a spiral of snot
was on his glasses he chokes a sob he
thrusts up his arm and stands, cold and sweating,
as he tries to slow and order up his breathing,
remember where she keeps the family box of masking tape

WADS MAW

At work he found a finger
packaged with the tampons,
called the suits were checking through the
ledger books; he told a silver hat,
There was a garbage can smashed flat against a
post, a pair of busses roaring through the lot

He was walking down the street,
saw a cat with veins come out its mouth
It's the whirling maw, he thinks, the Source of
Total Mass, he saw some rubbish
lying in the gutter, BIG DEATH HEEL he
kakked, jumping on a dirtstained dollclock

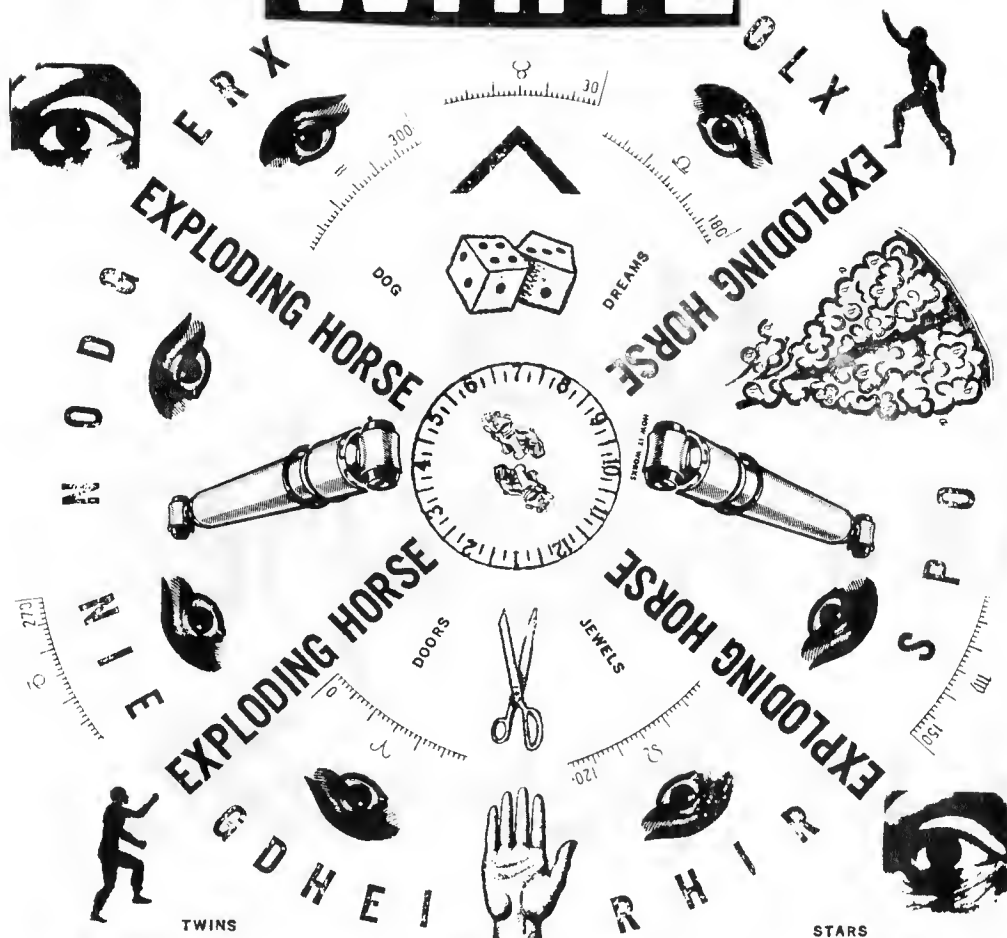
WADS HEAD

He drives off to the shopping center where he's
strutting past the petshop poodle window,
sees a clot of silent ladies at the shoestore
staring at the rows of tootsie wrappers,
he comes to a sidewalk ending in a space of
asphalt, big red cars lined up out a ways and
sees a new pink washer with a plastic skull on top,
It's rolling at the garbage bins, he thought,
a cloud of paper blowing toward it in the wind

JEWELLED DOG

24W a
lady, 3 staples
in her nose,

WHITE



DIAMONDS



NIPS SPLITS

They were hurling garbage at each other
screaming in the kitchen he
crashes out the door I'm Mr. Spits he
chokes, shredding up his hat

He's driving toward the
north, stopped and saw a line of trees with
black behind some pinwheels made of
razorblades whirred before a
smiling head its nose a burning footlong hotdog

Then he turns to face the
wall he sees the blank and cracks he
thinks about a plate of hair he
holds it to the light
I gotta move my meat he says and
licks and chews the thick dark clots

SHOPPING AXIS

I stood there,
clouds boiling on my right a
mobile home on fire a
city far below I
spoke to her I saw the
small black stones sweat inside her
hand she said Let's go I
gunned off down the road I
heard the wind hissing in the mirror

In the parking lot we said
goodby she went in to the
shoes-n-hat I saw
some cars burning in a circle
inside a man was beating on a shopping cart I
know that guy I thought and
sped off toward the exit

CENTRAL CORNER

I look at the sky I
thinks I not been here some
thin high clouds a
pair of bright orange arches
drift above the parkinglot
under them a silver car approaches

I met this lady at the donut shop she
sat beside and spoke at me I
saw her skin her tongue her
words came through my eyes and
stuck, speaking in my throat

Is she my teeth? I thought I
looked outside the street was
dark a clot of boys lurched past they
had their hats on upside down
I felt her head she
questioned at me pointed to the
blackmirrored windowglass and
said We're there

Later in the car she's driving through
a maze of streets we see a
figure coughing on a fire spiggot
Is this the spot? she says I
took her hand said
Yes and stepped out at the corner

DREAM LOT

We were standing in the
parkinglot a man was
scraping at his tires with a
tincan lid I was
holding to her hands I
told her of a robot in a
dress that was rolling down the street
It must have been your wife she
said the street was lined with parked cars I
clutched a plate of pie This cut's for you I
yelled a heavy car came
speeding at me from a space that rushed away

Then I saw her
face her coat her wanting me I said we'd
touch again and was hacking at the hours of ice
frozen on my windshield while she spoke and raised her
umbrella to keep the sleet off me

NIPS IN LOVE

She held a box of stone a
tiny fly inside
I was tearing up the paper
wantads circled on the floor
"She was standing on the
corner waiting for my boats my
house my jeweled dog" I sang
I know that tune she said
Is this the spot? she thought
I said I dreamed a horse exploding
Just keep it in your pants she smiles
sticking some words on her head
I held and licked her hair My parts are here
she hummed and thrust her eyes in me

ROUND EATS

They were standing on the freeway
saw the clumps of trees the distant
clouds with light behind
a column of smoke was rising from the car he
turned his back on it
and looked across the fields

They saw the frozen lines of arclight on the river
birds steaming in the sewer
they walked around some giant buildings
heard the thudding deep inside and
stopped beside a truck
he saw their face it was both
big and small dark and light at once

In her room he says I got no self and
picked his nose before the mirror
Who is me? she asks looking at her hands
he holds up a spotted pizza disk Stare
at this he says And let me hold you close to me
they were warm and hugging in the kitchen
I'll show you to the door she whispers
I gotta let my blackness out

HAIRCUT

I sat there, rigid
saw the light ghosting in my
eyes in bars upon the wall
'My eyes are mirrors', I thought,
"turned against my sight" I
tried to find my mind was lost I
felt my bones explode
crashing in the corners of the room

Then I dreamed I
was in Mexico I walked around I
had two suitcases and a tire
I searched for her I
found her looking out my skull
the streets were wide and noisy
sunlight stabbed me back from windowpanes

Her kitchen had
a closet full of piepak pans
some socks were stiffening dry on wires
"I'm trapped inside a wheel" she said,
her scizzors clipping round my face

SPEEDING FLOATER

I saw your body strewn along the
beach the sunlight
touched me out your eyes the
breakers rushing from your hands are
teeth inside the speeding meat of words

"My talk is walls" she says I
see my cutup steak and
yukking tabled here between us
felt my whale in jail
spout and diving out for her

"I dreamed you
talked to me and wouldn't let me go" she
said the water cold and oily deep out there

I dreamed my skin came off and
floated up the stairs to you I
raised a flaming chicken pie and
spoke in pistoned tongue my
speech was scattered bone and storming toward your face

NIPS AND LADY

He saw the car speed
past, stiff and frozen at the wheel
I got a dog dead inside my
skull he thought he said The
mirror's broke off was
staring at the traffic light above, saw
some empty buttplug wrappers rising to the
sky and starts to chant
EARTH CORN DOG PUKE

Then he saw a cloud of pubic hair it was a
mirror dress he raised his eyes and saw a
lady there she held out a pair of scizzors
and said to start to talk

"I was lying by the
telephone and jerking in my sleep I
heard your voice you said I hide inside
your bathtub, wash you down at night
and hiss like water in your ears"

He was rinsing out his hats
saw the moon a headlight in his face This is
going down in history he said
fumbling at the buttons on his shirt

EARTH CORN DOG PUKE



LUNA BISONTE PRODS